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MRS. ELIZA HILL ANDERSON.

Sleeping and Waking.

A COMMEMORATIVE DISCOURSE

DELIVERED IN THE ELIOT CHURCH, BOSTON,
MARCH 18th, 1888;

AND AN

Address at the Funeral

OF

MRS. ELIZA HILL ANDERSON,

MARCH 13th, 1888.

BY A. C. THOMPSON,

Senior Pastor of the Eliot Church.

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SLEEPING AND WAKING.

BUT I WOULD NOT HAVE YOU TO BE IGNORANT, BRETHREN, CONCERNING THEM WHICH ARE ASLEEP, THAT YE SORROW NOT EVEN AS OTHERS WHICH HAVE NO HOPE. — *I Thessalonians iv: 13.*

THE paragraph beginning with these words of Holy Writ was one of the favorite passages with our departed friend. I seem to hear her once more repeating the whole: "But I would not have you to be ignorant, brethren, concerning them which are asleep, that ye sorrow not even as others which have no hope. For if we believe that Jesus died, and rose again, even so them also which sleep in Jesus will God bring with Him. For this we say unto you by the word of the Lord, that we which are alive and remain unto the coming of the Lord shall not prevent — shall not precede — them which are asleep. For the Lord Himself shall descend from heaven with a shout, with the voice of the archangel, and with the trump of God, and the dead in Christ shall rise first; then we which are alive and remain shall be caught up together with them in the clouds, to meet the Lord in the air; and so shall we ever be with the Lord. Wherefore comfort one another with these words." With these words let us comfort one another today.

The Thessalonian Christians were not yet duly emancipated from their former ignorance and skepticism respecting the state of departed believers. In their thoughts, to die, to be buried, had a place too nearly related to extinction, to utter and perpetual loss. Nor was this altogether strange on their part. It is by no means easy to dissociate a friend from the body in which and through which we have known that friend. It is not easy to conceive distinctly of a spirit disembodied, yet conscious, active, in all respects unimpaired and unimpeded. Without divine revelation materialism, though gloomy to the last degree, is a natural resort, indeed a kind of logical refuge. True, we call these bodies not us, but ours. We hold that physical decay does not touch the in-resident soul; that at the moment of decease the immaterial self takes its departure, and without pause continues the functions of thinking and feeling. Still language, that mistress as well as messenger of thought, shows after all a habit of association quite difficult to be broken up. We speak of our friends as buried; we say they are in their graves. Holy Scripture teaches indeed—and this is one of its most consolatory teachings—that saints are immediately upon departure made blessed, and will so continue till another and greater epoch comes; but neither Scripture nor right reasoning leads to any conclusion conflicting with the fact that every human being needs a body of some kind in order to completeness of existence and full qualification for all relations, services, and enjoyments.

With a view to assuage the grief of Christian

mourners, the apostle here dispels a misapprehension, and supplies a basis of triumphant trust. The sublime event of a future resurrection he treats as a certainty. Respecting the divine authority of Christ's mission, His resurrection—literal bodily reappear-
 ance from the sepulcher—was a consummating event. By previous teaching it was made the cardinal confirmation of all His claims. Subsequent apostolic utterances show it to have been the divinely designed crisis of our Lord's presence here as Redeemer; the test event which settled the question of His being truly Messiah, the Lamb slain from the foundation of the world, the Eternal Word made flesh, the Almighty head and guardian of a kingdom, illimitable in extent, duration, and glory. The occurrence was, moreover, a visible specimen of what the Great Teacher, and all teachers inspired by Him, signify when they speak of the resurrection of His people. That is predicted or clearly referred to by our Lord and the apostles more than fifty times in the New Testament; and quite often is it put into connection with Christ's having come from the grave. This is a vital point in our religion: "For if the dead rise not, then is not Christ raised; and if Christ be not raised, your faith is vain." The sacred writings do not leave us in ignorance or in doubt touching the future of the righteous dead. They give us something more than mere hope in the matter. They lay before us truths wherewith in strongest confidence we are to comfort one another.

These words, as heard in life, we seem to hear once more from our sleeping friend: "If we believe that Jesus died and rose again, even so them also

that sleep in Jesus will God bring with Him." In her soul there abode the calmness of unwavering assurance. Any tremor of nature would only confirm the steadfastness of faith. In the prolonged sickness of a year ago, and in view of the great change which then seemed to be impending, Mrs. Anderson illustrated her idea of the Saviour's presence by the conception of a painting. "I would have Him," she said to a granddaughter, "depicted as Mr. Great-heart standing at the entrance of a building or inclosure, and close by, a little, white, trembling lamb. I feel like that little trembling lamb, but Mr. Great-heart is very near." One thing was settled forever with her: that departed believers, of whatever age, are, body and soul, in the custody of an Almighty Saviour, and will by and by re-appear with Him in glory. Hence she was never overwhelmed by bereavements. Nor did she seem at such times to be simply resigned. The great inspiring verities of redemption and resurrection held too large a place to permit a settling down into mere acquiescence. The cloud which to many seemed only dark, and to some showed only now and then a silver lining, to her eye presented a bow of promise that never faded out. One evening, many years ago,¹ while she was sitting in her room at twilight, the daughter who bore her own name came in. As they were talking over plans of study, suddenly the daughter coughed, and then said: "Mother, my mouth is filled with blood." It was a hemorrhage from the lungs. From that moment she never sat up an hour during the five months of decline. Another daughter also was removed.² Precious grandchildren

¹ 1849.

² 1866.

too were taken, one from beneath her own roof. Left motherless herself at eight years of age,¹ she found in the wife of her pastor one with tender, motherly instincts, to whose three closing years of life she ministered, and whose sightless eyes, at ninety-three years of age,² she closed in the same upper room where her own have just been closed. A father at eighty-three took leave of her,³ and a husband at the same age.⁴ In all these scenes did any one witness a paroxysm of unrestrained grief? Through the whole there was calmness; there was the upbearing, steadying assurance that "even so them also which sleep in Jesus will God bring with Him." Eight years of widowhood witnessed no languor of the sensibilities, no atony of affection; but they did evince the cheering, elevating power of a firm faith in the re-appearing of Immanuel, and with Him, the re-appearing of all that have fallen asleep in Jesus.

Her thoughts went on habitually to what is further made known by this passage — that Christ's people are to have not only a memorable public meeting with Him, but an eternity of blessedness in His presence. One express object of the last great day is that such a convocation may take place, to be followed by the perpetual and fullest enjoyment of our Lord's society. The vast concourse of those raised and transformed is to meet the Lord in the air, and

¹ 1812.

² Mrs. Sarah Collins Porter, born December 26, 1767. Her father, the Rev. Daniel Collins, pastor of the church in Lanesboro, Mass., for nearly sixty years, died in the 85th year of his age. Her mother died at the house of Dr. Porter, in Catskill, N. Y., aged 92.

³ 1846.

⁴ 1880.

be *forever* with Him. The occasion will be one of unprecedented splendor. The gates of New Jerusalem are to be set wide open that morning. Heaven will for once empty itself. When the King in all His beauty and glory comes forth on that day of days, why should any one, saint or angel, stay behind? All are wanted in His train. Holy sleepers will then awake and look up with songs and everlasting joy on their heads. What acclamations will be heard! What harmonious shouts will ring back from heaven to earth, and from earth to heaven, as those myriads are caught up together in the clouds to meet the Lord! And when they all, encompassing and praising Jesus, shall pass through the everlasting gates that have lifted up their heads, will it be only as transient guests at the capital, only for such a brief visit as when one of them, long ago, was caught up to the third heaven? Ah, it is for endless hallelujahs: "So shall we ever be with the Lord."

Our departed friend dwelt delightedly upon the fact that all believers form a single community. They are here spoken of collectively as one body. Whether alive at our Lord's advent, and so requiring to be changed — to experience a change equivalent to resurrection — or among the dead in Christ who shall then rise, they are to "be caught up together to meet the Lord in the air." Into the blessed fellowship of saints she entered intimately and with unusual breadth of comprehension. The household of faith, embracing in its unity all true Christians in all lands, was a clear conception with her, and one that habitually had manifest influence.

Circumstances favored an early and continued interest in remote lands. Her sixty-seven years of church membership began in connection with the Presbyterian church in Catskill,¹ of which the Rev. Dr. Porter was pastor, a man whose devotion to the cause of foreign missions was far in advance of the ministerial average of that day or of our day. While an inmate in his family she became acquainted with such men as Samuel J. Mills, Doctors Cornelius and Goodell, Horatio Bardwell of the Mahrathi Mission, and Cyrus Kingsbury of the Choctaw Mission. Her long familiarity with Boston began next door to that of Jeremiah Evarts, in the family of a brother who was for more than thirty years treasurer of the American Board. Of the husband, who for half a century had official connection with that Board, I need not speak. The indebtedness of foreign missions to his clear discernment of right principles and sound maxims of evangelism, and his consistent adherence to them, is best appreciated by those who know best the history of that society which has just been named. Another thing has not been equally well known. Till now delicacy has forbidden public mention of the indebtedness of the American Board to her who was Dr. Anderson's domestic coadjutor and safe counsellor. Her husband had few family cares. By virtue of her systematic habits, her forethought, her skilled competency, his time and strength could be almost entirely given to official labors. That involved, among other things, three long absences on foreign deputations. To her promptness in self-sacrifice, her sound judgment, her provident manage-

¹ 1821.

ment, was it due that household administration maintained a golden mean between parsimonious economy and an outlay beyond the limited income. In welcoming guests, nothing was overdone except strength. Hospitality was abundant, and especially in behalf of departing and returning missionaries. Aid and sympathy were bestowed without stint, often with great personal inconvenience. Personal assistance in outfit and refit purchases was largely in demand. Not infrequently did she leave a sick bed to minister to some newly-arrived laborer from some foreign land. The heads of the family had sometimes to betake themselves to an attic chamber to make room for unexpected arrivals, and arrivals from abroad were usually unexpected at any given time. She washed the feet of many a saint now in glory. There was no complaining of excess in those ministries, but only of imperfect execution. Of that class of guests now spoken of, more were entertained at Cedar Square than probably at any other house in the land as yet. The first on the long list were Mr. and Mrs. Levi Spaulding, of Ceylon. The apostolic Daniel Temple was another. The saintly David Stoddard and Fidelia Fiske were among the number. But time would fail to enumerate the whole. During the first ten months of a certain year one hundred and fourteen different missionaries and their friends were guests for a longer or shorter time. Upon careful inquiry and estimate I am satisfied that for the thirty-nine years of Dr. Anderson's service as secretary, and while at housekeeping, the average of hospitality that year was only about the average for the whole period.

At the Jubilee visit¹ there were sixty-eight present, missionaries and their friends. The Lord's Prayer was repeated in twenty different languages, and a hymn sung in numerous tongues. At all social gatherings the Saviour was invited to be a guest.

Mrs. Anderson's correspondence with Christian friends beyond the sea was abundant—more extensive perhaps than that of any other American woman who has had no official duty of letter-writing. Few have given less occasion for the complaint of forgetfulness or tardiness. And who in this country, or elsewhere, that turns over files of her manuscripts, will commit one of them to the flames because of mere idle gossip and the absence of all seriousness or thoughtful kindness? The reality and sacredness of Christian bonds, community in the great household of faith, inspired and controlled her facile pen. This manifested itself in sundry printed productions, though it would be difficult to find a less ambitious authorship. Hers is not a name that has appeared in the volumes of contemporaneous female fame, among the popular writers whose memoirs are given to the public during their lifetime, and with less of delicacy than of mutual admiration. In our mothers and sisters we do not demand erudition or sparkling wit, nor a conspicuous place in some intellectual coterie, the focus of elaborate discussion on æsthetics and all manner of abstruse themes. We do desire common sense and moral earnestness—something, if not rare or recondite, yet not frivolous nor far removed from the affairs of practical life. Mrs. Anderson's contributions to a religious journal, over the signature of

¹ 1860.

Beulah, sundry obituary notices, besides short essays on various topics in the *Missionary Herald* and *Life and Light*, are, in style and sentiment, unadorned, clear, pertinent. So is an "Address to Hawaiian Women," published in the language of the Sandwich Islands.¹ Her "Following after Jesus," a memorial of Susan Maria Underwood,² a member of this church, has the same characteristics. Similar is a "Memoir of Mary Lothrop."³ Some years since while in Switzerland I lighted upon it in the German language. Today in the Ottoman Empire it is doing good service, having passed through several editions in the Turkish and Armenian languages.

A weak-minded jealousy of foreign missions might suspect that that cause would unduly absorb her heart and energies. So far from that, under the educating influence of broad sympathies, neighborhood charities and labors were only the more abundant. If in the Eliot Church there has been any member more ready for local Christian activity during my long pastorate, I have yet to learn who that member is. Does it interfere with the duties of royalty that Queen Victoria should be President of the Female Bible Society of Berkshire County, in which county stands Windsor Castle?

Benevolence was Mrs. Anderson's life ; giving, a fixed habit ; and yet how discreet, and often how adroitly unobtrusive ! More indefatigable ministries of neighborhood kindness I have never known. This practice, one of her marked characteristics, began

¹ 1863.

² Published by the American Tract Society, 1863.

³ *Do.* Originally published by Perkins & Marvin, 1832.

early. Not many months since, she mentioned the following incident of childhood: "My father brought home some fruit from New York. With great delight I was told that I might carry some to an invalid friend. The way seemed very pleasant, and my feet moved quickly. I was allowed to go into the sick room, and shall never forget how pale and feeble the sick one looked, nor how pleased she was with my gift. Even now I feel a sort of glow in thinking of that afternoon." The glow of kind thoughts and active beneficence was unfailing from eight to over eighty.

Transferred to us from Park Street Church,¹ her membership in the Eliot Church covered a period of more than half a century.² I now speak in the hearing of a few who recall the earlier years of that connection, and in the hearing of not a few who are conversant with recent Christian life here at the Highlands, and I appeal unhesitatingly to all such, whether they have known one in the goodly sisterhood of our churches more active, more consistent as a Christian, one less given to harsh judgments, one who talked less about doing good, or who was more given to doing it; one more ready with timely words at the female prayer meeting and the mothers' meeting. Many a timid, inexperienced disciple has acknowledged great indebtedness to her; so has many a young mother. In the Dorcas Society she was for a quarter of a century a directing and helpful member.

The Marthas who are cumbered with much serving may silently inquire whether some domestic and maternal duties did not suffer by reason of this

¹ Which she joined in 1823.

² 1836 to 1888.

manifold occupation in matters outside the home. Let it be answered—the minutest details of household administration were uniformly under her eye. Well-regulated system ruled. Plans were laid with conscientious reference to finding time for neighborhood duties, for church work, and for expressed sympathy with “fellow workers unto the kingdom of God” at the ends of the earth. It is unchristian narrowness in husband or wife to conceive of the capabilities and sphere of woman as limited to housewifery, to mere domestic drudgery. Did Elizabeth Fry, the daughter of an opulent English banker, in visiting British and continental prisons, and in the effective use of her pen, neglect family affairs? Did any one ever charge her with the least unfaithfulness as the mother of twelve children? And who ever dreamed of maternal deficiencies on the part of this mother, whose controlling thought was, What is best for the soul is best on the whole? Children and grandchildren—all of them, save the youngest, in the visible church or the church triumphant—have occasion, inferior to no other children, to praise their mother’s God in remembrance of the early home provided for them.

It is now one third of a century since, in company with Dr. Anderson, I attended worship one bright Sunday morning at a mission church in Southern India. The rear of the building is close upon a row of small, low houses, then occupied by heathen people. The service had just begun. Notwithstanding bereavements, notes of animated praise for a risen Saviour swelled clear and full—when all of a

sudden, loud wailing broke forth from one of those neighboring tenements. Owing to the climate the church has no closed windows, and hence there was nothing to hinder the free ingress of those sad sounds from a distressed family close by. Children and others were raising the customary lament on account of the death of a mother and neighbor who had just expired. With some painstaking I obtained a copy of the exact words used by them in their vernacular, and from a part of which here is a translation: "Dear queen, to thee do I owe my existence; why hast thou left me alone? Mother, thou who hast borne thy child upon thy shoulders, leavest him in a barren land. The precious corals which thou securedst in the corner of thy kerchief are now thrown down in the public place. Thou didst hold a screen over me so long as the wind blew, but thou hast now forsaken me when overtaken by a hurricane. Though we drink from the bucket full of water, yet will it not quench thirst as that poured by a mother. Can all the people I look upon answer for a mother? When the shadow of the moon declines, shall we gather together with thee? When the evening shadow falls, shall we find thee to abide with thee?" The coincidence was affecting. Here were Christianity and heathenism side by side — the one erect, serene, full of high hope, her eye kindling in holy animation as glimpses were caught of bright realities within the veil, accordant tongues chanting the while a sweet anthem of praise; the other sitting in dust and darkness, utterly forlorn, pouring forth plaintive lamentations. The pillar of cloud was "darkness to them, but it gave light to these;" and so small was the

space between those two companies that each could hear the other.

The heathen world has "no hope." The world at large, save where the truth of God's word is shining, has "no hope," no settled belief, no well-grounded expectation concerning a life to come, and still less any hopefulness in view of inevitable bereavements constantly taking place. A dreary and sullen submission, a vague and fluctuating anticipation, or baseless, unsatisfactory sentiment, is about all that philosophy and poetry can furnish to the sorrowing. Our religion is the only one for those in affliction. The Bible is the book for mourners. What other has truths or has a spirit sufficiently strong for a riven heart? While, however, the Holy Volume abounds with touching incidents, with precious promises, with sublime and pertinent teachings suited to those in grief, it contains only one paragraph which we are expressly *required* to employ among ourselves for the purpose of consolation. It is the paragraph which has been read, one specially familiar to the thoughts of our departed mother, one which we seem to hear her repeating to-day, and which concludes with the exhortation: "Wherefore comfort one another with these words."

With these words — children, grandchildren, neighbors, friends — we will comfort one another. Assured of the inviolable unity and future companionship of believers, we now look forward, as she did. Tears are inappropriate today. The apostle identified himself, we identify ourselves, with the whole brotherhood. The living and the departed form a single family. "Then we which are alive and remain shall

be caught up *together*, together with them in the clouds." Intervening centuries are of no account. They cannot disturb continuity in the household of faith, any more than the event of individual death now sunders that bond which binds together the one church of Christ, with a part of whom He is present on earth, and a part of whom are present with Him in glory. It is belief in His resurrection, and belief that, upon His second coming and at His summons, all saints will be raised or transformed, which gives a far-reaching, delightful sense of unity among them; while the fact and feeling of holy brotherhood has its roots in a vital association with Jesus. "So shall we" — tarrying or going home — "so shall we ever be with the Lord."

We take note here, as did our departed mother and friend, that death is called by so sweet a name as sleep. In this passage the state of departed believers is three times thus referred to. When the Holy Ghost uses such language, we have no thought that he hath spoken of taking customary rest in sleep. There is a deep reason for the use of this term. Christ's people — a portion of them in the world of spirits, and their bodies in the grave — have a relation to Him which others have not. Hence the justness and beauty of such a blessed euphemism, "Asleep in Jesus." The distinguishing feature of ordinary sleep is that the organs of sense and the power of voluntary motion suspend their activity for the purpose of rest, for the purpose of renewing strength; while the vital activity of the system as a whole, the offices of heart and lungs, still go on. There is none the less of life there.

It is really then no image of death in general, though a beautiful image of the death of saints. Their life is hid with Him. Their souls are with Him in Paradise. Their bodies belong to Him, and by Him will be recalled after a while from the grave.

“ His dews drop mutely on the hill ;
 His cloud above it saileth still,
 Though on its slope men toil and reap !
 More softly than the dew is shed,
 Or cloud is floated overhead,
 He giveth His beloved sleep.”

What we call a death-bed is only Christ's cradle for one of His dear children. Dying is just being lulled to rest by Him. “ She is not dead, but sleepeth.” Is it becoming, is it right, beloved in the Lord, that we sorrow as others who have no hope? Are we in the habit of weeping because one member of our family retires to rest a little earlier than others? Should the father or mother, the husband or wife, son or daughter of a departed saint, a successful candidate for the honors of that last great morning, mourn loud and long?

“ Oh, weep not for the dead !
 Rather, oh, rather give the tear
 To those that darkly linger here,
 When all besides are fled.
 Weep for the spirit withering
 In its cold and cheerless sorrowing ;
 Weep for the young and lovely one
 That ruin darkly revels on ;
 But never be a tear-drop shed
 For them, the pure, enfranchised dead.”

Interment a few days since was not an act or hour of sadness. Do husbandmen weep as they

scatter seed-corn? And does not the great Husbandman sow us in the ground? Was not the tomb perfumed by our Saviour's lying in it, and did He not leave it a bed of spices? The pious dead are simply laid away for safe keeping in Christ's own dormitory. Curtains are drawn close around it. But a wondrous morning hastens on, when the Lord shall draw aside this broad, seamless curtain of blue over head, and Himself descend from heaven with a shout. The sleepers will hear Him, and awake, how refreshed! It is nature's long vacation they have been enjoying. Bodies now vile will then become glorious. They will be quickened into an endless life. This ruined fabric is to be rebuilt, beautiful and serviceable beyond all present thought. Oh, church of God! "Thy dead ones," saith the prophet, "shall live; together with my dead body shall they arise. Awake, and sing, ye that dwell in the dust." No bleak winter's day, leafless and frosty, will the resurrection be, but the brightest May morning of our existence. If we go with Jesus only to Gethsemane and Calvary, we do not go far enough. We need to pass on as far as Bethany, and behold our Lord taken up, a cloud receiving him out of sight. We need to remember that this same Jesus who is taken from us into heaven shall so come again in like manner: "Even so them also which sleep in Jesus, will God bring with Him." "Wherefore comfort one another with these words."

ADDRESS.

“AGED 84.” So we read upon the casket. January 7th, 1804, marked the beginning of that life now closed, and our friend’s earthly pilgrimage began in the city of Catskill. It is not important to dwell on a paternal ancestry running back through five generations to John Hill and the year 1600; nor on the maternal line through six generations to Richard Carpenter, born in England, 1593. But there is special significance in the fact that, although the mother’s death occurred so early as 1812, yet through that mother’s influence principles had become established which moulded the daughter’s whole character and life. In the child of eight years might be seen, dimly at least, the woman whom we have known. Marked correctness of deportment, industry and accuracy as a scholar, fondness for committing hymns to memory — the store amounted at length to hundreds — were noteworthy features of that early period. There was fondness for the story of the Pilgrim by that wonderful dreamer, John Bunyan. The Bible became, thus early, the book of books to her, and so continued to the last. In the home, in the sanctuary, on all ordinary occasions and at all unusual junctures, she turned to the lively oracles. The Old Testament was not antiquated to her. Its chief personages were familiar

acquaintances. The Psalms were largely hidden in the heart, the thirty-fourth and sixty-seventh being among special favorites. If a member of the family were about leaving, the one hundred and twenty-first must be read. The one hundred and third was the family psalm. All committed it to memory when the house on Cedar Square was first occupied. Isaiah fortieth gave her a world of strength and comfort year after year, and she would often quote the verses beginning, "Hast thou not known? hast thou not heard that the everlasting God, the Lord, the Creator of the ends of the earth, fainteth not, neither is weary?" Her sentiments, her habits of thought, and entire type of character took their impress from the Word of God.

Dr. Anderson became a teacher at sixteen, and Mrs. Anderson at the same age. While connected with a young ladies' school in New Haven, there were among her pupils those who have come to prominent positions — as Mrs. President Porter, Mrs. Dr. Buckingham of Springfield, Mrs. Dr. Bond of Norwich, Mrs. Dr. Krebs of New York, Mrs. Professor Park, and Mrs. Commodore Foote. The Bible was among the text-books, and in esteem the first of all, as it should be in every school in Christendom. When herself a pupil, and afterwards both as assistant and as principal, she joined or established a praying circle — a practice far less common fifty and seventy years ago than it now is.

Prayer, private and social, was uniform, and was the life of her life. In the husband's absence domestic worship suffered no interruption. She used to say it did not seem as if the house were locked at night without evening prayer. Holy Scripture was

manifestly the fundamental law of the household. And yet, speaking to young mothers, she remarked in later years, "If I had my work with my children to go over again, I should make much greater use of the Bible. I should bring them to it to decide every question." And oh, how she agonized in supplication for them! Not so much for their everlasting safety, as because continued impenitence was a dishonor to Christ; because every day's delay was so much withdrawn from what is due to Him. The burden of her plea was that their entire lives might be devoted to our Lord. So intense was the pleading that health began to suffer. A change at length came over the inner life. There was more of restful trust instead of feverish anxiety for immediate results. There arose a more adoring view of God's wisdom, God's faithfulness, and a calm delight in laying all submissively, confidingly at His feet. Almost immediately one after another was brought into the kingdom. Intensity of desire should always be transmuted into the holy calmness of a triumphant faith.

Nothing could be more superfluous than to speak of the mature traits and the piety of our mother by way of information to those who knew her. What evenness of temper, what soundness of judgment, what absence of everything that borders upon frivolity, what tender thoughtfulness for the feelings and highest welfare of others! Could there have been anything more remote from that coarseness of nature that we not unfrequently detect beneath a punctilious observance of conventionalities? And modesty — how marked, how beautiful! Truest womanhood does not exist where there is no reserve. The choicest flowers

require shade to bring out their more exquisite perfume. Never was she seen stepping beyond the limits of feminine delicacy. Ostentation, assumption, dictation, were as foreign to her own nature as they were quietly endured when seen in others. But this element had no relationship to weakness. Firmness and decision of character were not wanting. One incident of early womanhood will illustrate. During a visit before marriage, in the family of a distinguished commodore of the United States navy, she was invited to attend the theatre, the commodore urging that it is well for every one to go once in order to see what it is. Eliza Hill declined, and never afterwards regretted the stand she took. It was characteristic of her unobtrusive yet unyielding adherence to principle and to consistency.

Self-control and self-denial were uniform in our mother. It was spontaneously that the word *mother* escaped from my lips — a spontaneity which forty-six years of kindness made inevitable. For an acquaintance to prove delightful is much; much more is it, if always helpful. In many ways indebtedness to her has been large. Along with a minister whose praise is in all the churches, it will be no exaggeration for me to say, as he has written: "Many a sermon have I got from my talks with her. My hearers may have given me credit for the good they received, but it belonged to her."

I was speaking of the self-poise and self-forgetfulness of our mother. It served to set in most vivid contrast the absorbing self-consciousness, the egregious vanity that we sometimes witness. So did the appropriate simplicity of her attire offset the deform-

ity of excessive personal decoration ! Precious stones, rubies, and sapphires may now be seen in brooches and rings costing from one hundred dollars to three thousand each ; pearl necklaces valued from two hundred dollars to five thousand ; gold and diamond crescents ranging from one hundred dollars to twenty thousand. But how is their brilliancy dimmed in the unadorned presence of that wisdom, the exchange of which shall not be for jewels of fine gold ! On the scale of heavenly estimates, what is brilliant, what is beautiful, what is costly ? The ornament of a meek and quiet spirit, which in the sight of God is of great price. Here before us is a casket which lately inclosed one of our Lord's jewels. In her were combined the prayerfulness of Hannah, the devotedness of Ruth, the discreetness of Abigail, the devout waiting of Anna, and the self-forgetting fidelity of Mary. She was the Lydia at prayer-meetings, and the Dorcas of good works and alms deeds.

On hearing about the excellences of Chrysostom's mother, the rhetorician Libanius, though a mortal foe to Christianity, exclaimed : " Ah ! what wonderful women there are among the Christians ! " That generation has not diminished in modern days. Never has there been, never will there be, any genuine advancement in the church or in society that does not find an exponent in woman's true elevation. In all the social ameliorations of modern times, women have taken a more active part than ever before. Our friend was a blameless, a beautiful specimen of one who never strives to be, and was never designed by God to be, an incomplete man. Mistakes are to be expected ; yet woman is coming to her appropriate

place in Christendom — the place of heroic service and of lowly Christian service ; the place of unstinted beneficence and of farthest-reaching moral power. Is it not deeply significant that the first two appearances of Christ after leaving the tomb were to women ; as were the first two announcements of the resurrection, and yet earlier, the first two visions of angels ? Christianity gives woman a throne. Men may make the laws ; women will determine manners and morals. Here was one whom it is safe to follow. She might have presided over a college ; she preferred to wipe away a tear. What a contrast between such an one and some of the queens of society ! You call to mind the Duchess of Marlborough, avaricious, ambitious, imperious ; who insulted her sovereign, who was a terror in her own household, who alienated every friend she ever had, and at eighty-four ended a misanthropic old age saying : “ I think one can’t leave the world at a better time than now, when there is no such thing as real friendship, truth, justice, honor, or, indeed, anything that is agreeable in life.”

Our friend was a wealthy woman ; she was rich in friendships. For scores of years she possessed the esteem and affection of hundreds whose regard was best worth having. Among distant islands of the sea, in the Turkish empire, in China and India, she long ago had investments of that kind, more valuable, more enduring, than the diamonds of Golconda.

Her hand — was it an aristocratic hand ? I never noticed, never thought about it. I know it was a beautiful hand, it was so given to dispensing, so skilled in the blessed legerdemain of not letting the other know what it was doing.

Memory seemed not to fail in the least. Thoughtful kindness is the best preservative of one's faculties. That right hand did not, by reason of age and comparative seclusion, forget its sanctified cunning. Her latest acts were distributions here and there. Among them was something placed in my hand toward the relief of famine sufferers in Turkey. The envelopes of such gifts and of letters written in the hope of doing good were silent ejaculations to the Father who seeth in secret. Usefulness to others, usefulness as a means of honoring God our Saviour, was the governing aim of life. In childhood, after a good deal of serious thought, she gave herself to Him heartily and wholly, telling Him how she felt and what she wanted to be. She never doubted acceptance by Him at that time, nor His faithfulness to the covenant. In after years her illustration of assurance was this: "If I believe in my husband sufficiently to trust him, I do not begin to question within myself whether he loves me or not, whether I am his or not. I rest upon the compact we have made with each other." This full assurance of hope to the end was the basis of that spiritual repose and balance which all intimate friends at least must have observed.

Two score years ago this mother said to me that death would be no surprise to her at any hour. The consciousness of God's presence, and thoughts, delightful thoughts of the future world, were habitual. In what contrast to her stands a contemporary who reached about the same age, who attained celebrity in literature, but who did not shrink from avowing herself — that most repulsive of all anomalies — a female atheist, and whose dying words were: "I have no

reason to believe in another world. I have had enough of life in one, and can see no good reason why Harriet Martineau should be perpetuated!"

When Dr. Anderson left us, it was — at a little short of four score and four years of age — in the early morning. One who opened the shutter and let in the first beams of a rising sun remarked: "The chariot of Israel, and the horsemen thereof!" A little past four score and four Mrs. Anderson took leave just at sunset, as parting rays shed a luxuriance of beauty in roseate tints on the overhanging clouds.

" Swift through the pearl-white portal
Thy feet have entered in —
Into the realm of music
Where not a note will jar;
Into the clime of sweetness
Which not a breath will mar;
Where sighs are all out of hearing,
And tears are all out of sight,
And the shadows of earth are forgotten
In the heaven which has no night."

Old age — there was no old age. Advanced years there were. Decline in bodily strength and power of endurance came on, but scarcely the slightest decay of mind. At the age of eighty-two she carried two granddaughters through a course in moral philosophy with interest and profit. As for wisdom in council at the Woman's Board of Missions and elsewhere, as for breadth of sympathy and tenderness of affection, there was no abatement. Latest years were without winter, without the touch of frost.

Like Anna at the temple, she was indeed "a widow of about four score and four years." But our

mother had a jointure of hallowed memories, of glad ministries by children, grandchildren, and other friends. She once said to me: "For several of the first years of married life I was expecting to become early a widow. Mr. Anderson and myself talked freely about the matter, and he gave advice regarding what I had better do in that case." When the change long anticipated came, it was felt keenly, yet no gloom settled on home or heart. The light of the Lord shone there.

There had been no unresigned longing for heaven. She quietly awaited the coming of the King — not the king of terrors, but the King of glory. Her closing testimony was: "Why, I feel as if Christ were right here! I am not alone. If He wants me to get well I shall. If He wants me to go to heaven, I shall see Him there. Who else, I don't know — guardian angels, or friends. But He is here now, I'm sure of it. I am not alone, nor afraid to die." That departure was simply cheerful obedience to the summons: "The Master has come, and calleth for thee." It was an entering into the joy of the Lord. It was a useful passage through life closed by a happy passage out of it — out of a chilly March on earth into the endless May of Paradise. Whatever of dark valley there might be lay all this side.

Plant no cypress, no weeping willow. Think who her escort was. Think whither she has gone. The Highlands have indeed one saint less, but heaven has one saint more. Is it a time for tears when a member of our family comes to a crown? To live in so many hearts left behind is a great gratification; but to

live in the unveiled presence and the unchecked love
of Immanuel, is not that life indeed?

“ O joy to live for Thee !
O joy in Thee to die !
O very joy of joys to see
Thy face eternally ! ”

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